

SONNET XL,



INJURIOUS PatesJ to rob me of my
bliss,

And dispossess my heart of
all his hope: You ought, with just
revenge, to punish miss*

For unto you the hearts of men are
ope. Injurious Fates ! that hardened
have her heart.

Yet make her face to send out pleasing
smiles *i* And both are done, but to
increase my smart,

And entertain my love with falsed
wiles. Yet being, when She smiles,
surprised with joy,

I fain would languish in so sweet a
pain! Beseeching death, my body to
destroy;

Lest, on the sudden, She should frown
again. When men do wish for death.
Fates have no force : But they, when
men would live, have no remorse.

SONNET XLI,



THE prison I am in is thy fair face!

Wherein my liberty enchained
lies; My thoughts, the bolts that
hold me in the place;

My food, the pleasing looks of thy fair
eyes ! Deep is the prison where *I* lie
enclosed,

Strong are the bolts that m this cell
contain me. Sharp is the food necessity
imposed,

When hunger makes me feed on that
which pains me. Yet do I love, embrace, and
follow fast,

That holds, that keeps, that discontents
me most: And list not break, unlock, or seek
to waste

The place, the bolts, the food (though I be
lost!), Better in prison ever to remain;
Than, being out, to suffer greater pain.